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THE "SHIGIGIADISQU."

The word Shigigiadisqu literally means —"that which is made man."

The name is applied, writes the Rev. J. B. McCullagh of the Church Missionary Society, to a small graven image sometimes used by the Nishga Indians of British Columbia under the following circumstances :—

The dreams of the medicine-man, who is usually regarded as somewhat of a *clairvoyant*, are accepted by the superstitious as supernatural revelations. Should he have an ominous dream about any member of the community he proceeds on the following morning to make it known.

"Lo ! I am in great trouble about you, Nat," he begins.

"Oh, indeed ! and for what reasons are you troubled about me, Nat ?" Nat is a title of friendly address between men, and is somewhat equivalent to the Irish *avick*.

"Had I dreamt well I should be happy to-day, but"—hinting darkly.

This brings the operation in which the other is engaged to a sudden standstill, and preparations are made to listen attentively to what may be coming.

"Certainly, Nat, a man cannot be happy when he has had a bad dream ; but perhaps your dream was not quite bad."

"It may be bad or it may not, I do not really know myself," he continues ; "but I shall tell you about it, and then you shall know yourselves."

"I dreamt *that your house was moved, Nat ; I saw it standing alone among the trees ; silent within ; no fire. I entered ; behold, there you sat. I greeted you ; behold, you did not answer. Therefore I turned to leave, and as I was leaving I awoke. So much I dreamed."

For the next few moments no one speaks; all are "hunkering" round the fire, into which they look intently, as though expecting something from it. Presently the one who has been dreamt of leans forward to adjust a faggot, remarking—

"Oh, indeed, Nat !"

"The chief's dream bodes no good," croaks an old woman of the company.

"Alas ! it means death," replies another.

"That is what it means," say they all.

And then they go on to discuss the dream in all its details, showing that the house in the wood signifies the man's grave, in which he lies alone in the silence of death.

"He will meet with an accident," is the verdict.

The poor man whose death is thus apprehended now gets a wood carver to grave a small wooden figure, known as the Shigigiadisqu, as nearly resembling himself in feature as possible, which he suspends around his neck by a string, the figure lying exactly over the heart. In this position it is worn sufficiently long to allow the heat of the body to be fully imparted to it —generally about four days.

*The dream here given is taken from an actual case in point.

On the fourth day the medicine-man comes to the house wearing his regulation bearskin and other insignia of his office. He also brings with him a toy canoe made from the inner bark of the cedar tree, in which lies a wisp of something like tow, *i. e.*, teased bark.

The man wearing the Shigigiadisqu sits near the fire in a stooping posture, supposed to be a posture of penitence and devotion. The medicine-man begins his performance by singing a doleful chant, the death-song of the tribe. Then he arranges the fire so that the faggots may lie evenly at top. He now takes the wisp of bark from the canoe, and dipping it in water proceeds to wash his friend over the region of the heart, after which he carefully replaces the wisp in the canoe, together with the Shigigiadisqu. At this point he resumes the death chant, and grasping the canoe with his left hand and his rattle with his right, he makes a circuit of the fire, presenting the canoe aloft towards the north, south, east, and west. Then bending slowly over the fire he puts it to *Malag* (*i.e.*, to be burnt as a sacrifice) in the flames, where the canoe, Shigigiadisqu, and the wisp containing the *yip* (*i.e.*, the defilement supposed to have been washed off the flesh), are all consumed.

The death chant is now changed to the *malag* (dance) song of joy, in which he joins who was erewhile in fear of death.

He may well be happy now, for has he not devoted to destruction a substitute impregnated with the warmth of his own life, and accompanied by the *yip* of his own flesh? He may, however, heave a sigh or two as he shakes out and passes over to the medicine-man three or four of the blankets which he has been storing up towards the next "potlach."

THE MEDICINE-MAN BURNING THE "SHIGIGIADISQU."
(From a Sketch by the Rev. J. B. McCullagh, Aiyansh.)

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.

The regular meeting of the Drinkwater W.C.T.U. was in session, and several superintendents of departments had responded to the call for reports. Finally, the report of the committee appointed to distribute literature in railway stations, was called for.

It was the first day they had used the new racks placed for that purpose in the different stations, and the ladies were all quite eager to know the result.

"Madame President," said the chairman, "we have nothing very encouraging to tell you. We placed our carefully selected papers and leaflets in the racks, and stayed a while in each waiting-room to see if any were taken, but in only one way was any attention paid to them. A plain old farmer, who looked as if he could not be induced to touch a drop of intoxicants, took out a paper and a leaflet, glanced at them a moment and put them in his pocket. I suppose he will read them eventually, but it seemed time and money thrown away to have a sober man read those things, when there were dozens of men whose faces told plainly that they were dissipated, who did not even look toward our racks. I felt completely discouraged." And, with a very dejected air, the lady dropped into her seat, while a few members shook their heads solemnly or whispered to each other that they never had thought any good could be done in that way.

The president was a woman of great faith and perseverance, and not to be disheartened by temporary failures, so she said a few cheerful, hopeful words to the heavy-hearted sister :

"You mustn't be so easily discouraged, Mrs. Moody. Often the very things that seem wrong to us are right, and the things that seem right are wrong. For instance, how can you tell but that the Lord has some special reason for sending the sober old farmer to the rack for our literature, instead of the men who were dissipated. The reading matter that farmer took may influence some life for good, clear through eternity. And one good life means a wonderfully purifying influence over many others."

A bright-eyed young sister, who was always full of enthusiasm, rose to her feet.

"Madame President, I quite agree with you. It is our business to take hold of the duties that lie nearest us and perform them faithfully, trusting to the All-wise One for results. We are assured that nothing is ever lost, but must exist somehow, somewhere, in some lives forever. Surely that is an encouraging thought. It is enough to make us work steadily, faithfully on, though we may never see the fruits of our labor. Good will come of good, just as surely as evil springs from evil. Let us plant ; God will water and give the increase."

Mrs. Moody brightened up a little after

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this speech, and declared herself willing to do her duty in the department assigned her, even though no one but sober old farmers should ever read the literature placed in the racks in the stations.

So, through heat and cold, rain or sunshine, dust or mud, she with her assistants regularly placed literature in the racks. But it was discouraging work. People seemed to care so little about it, and as the months rolled by, Mrs. Moody felt as if her time and strength had been wasted, and was almost ready to resign her position, in spite of the promise she had given.

One afternoon one of the members brought a lady visitor to the weekly meeting. She was an earnest temperance woman, and listened with much interest to the various reports made.

Finally, the president asked if she would not tell them something about the temperance work in the town in which she lived.

She arose at once, her face fairly aglow.

"I have been hoping to be asked to say something, because I have a report to make concerning the work of the union which will probably be more encouraging than any you have heard this afternoon." She paused, and the members looked at her with surprise and inquiry in their faces.

"The work in Oakland—the village in which I live—six months ago, was almost dead. A few of us held together, but felt ourselves powerless to do any good on account of the cider manufactured in all the surrounding country. Because it was cider nearly every one drank it, and there were more drunkards made by it, than by beer and whiskey together.

"When we tried to persuade people to stop using it, they laughed at us and called us fanatics, until we felt helpless and in despair.

"Then, as if in answer to our prayer, a strange thing happened. Mr. Brown, the wealthiest farmer in our vicinity, who owns the largest orchard, and who made double the amount of cider manufactured by any one else, came down to your little city on business. Two of your ladies came into the station while he was there, and placed some papers in a rack. He took two home with him, but forgot all about them until the following Sunday. Then he read them through slowly and carefully. An article on cider was especially interesting, and after studying it over seriously and prayerfully, he became fully convinced that it was wrong to sell, drink or manufature it.

"Quite a struggle ensued in his heart. Cider-making was his greatest source of profit, and to discontinue it meant to severely cripple himself financially. But he is a good, conscientious man, and the result was that his apples were made into cider, but not a gallon was sold or used until it had become first-class cider vinegar.

"The other farmers laughed at him at first, but he is a man of great strength of character, strong opinions, a good deal of magnetism and fire in argument, so he usually came off victorious in all wordy contests with his neighbors.

"As a result, a regular crusade against cider was instituted, and we W.C.T.U. women helped forward it by engaging a speaker who gave us several fine lectures, fully explaining all the evils resulting from its use.

"As a consequence of all this agitation, every farmer near us pledged himself to make no more cider, only for vinegar, and a firm from Chicago came down and put up an evaporator for drying apples, for this purpose buying all the surplus fruit the farmers had, and to-day we have a strictly enforced local option law, and one of the happiest, most enthusiastic W.C.T.U.'s you ever saw.

"And this is all clearly and indisputably the work of your committee, who placed those papers where Mr. Brown could get them. It would be a work great enough to satisfy you, even if you had done nothing else, but you cannot tell how many more communities have been similarly benefited by your literature. We shall thank you as long as we live for the good you have done us, and I felt that I must tell you about it."

Then the visitor sat down, and instinctively every eye turned upon Mrs. Moody. Her face seemed illuminated; her eyes were shining with happy tears.

"Praise the Lord!" said the president. "Sister Moody lead us in prayer."

And such a ringing, joyous, thankful prayer as went up from Mrs. Moody's lips, told that her lack of faith had been effectively removed, and that all through the future she would believe that when seed is sown in good soil, God will send the harvest, even though we remain in ignorance of it.—*Union Signal.*

WORK AMONG MISSION BANDS.

What is a band? It is one of the best training schools that has ever been devised. Its regular attendant is gaining continually fresh acquaintance with every phase of life in all lands, hunting up facts in geographies, histories, etc., seeing and making continually the maps of those lands, and learning their construction and political importance,—is becoming a true cosmopolite. When one of our band leaders visited London, she went once to the Kensington Museum with an English cousin, a resident of London, whom she astonished with the amount seen and gained. "How can you know so much? Why, I, who have been here so often, never accomplished what your one visit did!" "Oh, I learned it at my boys' mission band!" was the reply.

With the knowledge gained of the state of each country come also knowledge of the needs of its people; as their needs are realized, the desire to help grows. As interest increases mite-boxes grow heavier, and there is a greater willingness to do what each can for the help of these brothers and sisters of ours we visit each month, whose life is becoming so familiar. The contrast is not left to the imagination,—the land without and the land with Christ. The transformation scenes wrought by our missionaries ("not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord") deeply impress, cannot fail to impress, the young minds.

Yet when these ardent young people enter our older organizations they do not meet with the recognition of what all this training has done. Never, in many cases, are their trained voices asked to lead in prayer; never are they given charge of a meeting or is their judgment consulted. In some cases I have even known them not to be asked to subscribe to the missionary's salary.

One young leader, when inviting to her band the sons of an active worker, was asked, "Why, *does your boys'* band still go on?"

But that mother did what others might well imitate. She brought her boys to the meeting, and spent the hour with them, at its close saying, "This is splendid! It is geography, and history, and everything." Her boys are good workers in consequence of her personal contact with the band.

Some bands make scrap-books, and do various work, at the meetings, while others find it best to have any such work done at extra times, by special committees. Plants have been raised from seed. One band sold theirs at an informal little reception at the church, lemonade and cake being donated by a few mothers and friends. The reception was a band-worked object-lesson, their maps, pictures, and borrowed curiosities hung around the room on screens demonstrating the boys' studies, interesting and gaining the approbation of the parents, proving satisfactorily to the boys that their efforts were worth while.

One band worker is always collecting pictures from all available sources,—summer guide-books, advertisement books, etc., —and from their pictures makes charming scrap-books for missionaries, with only the expenditure of time; for she pastes them in some of those books that yearly deluge us with statistical information wanted only by specialists. Folding muslin scrap-books are made by some, and Christmas-cards are collected and sent, to be used as prizes, maybe, in some mission school over seas, whence they may find their way to serve as decorations for the mud walls of an Eastern home,—the first touch of Christian civilization. Many boxes go out with valuable stores of gifts, useful and ornamental.

Never, said a young Japanese lady, could she forget her first Christmas present,—one of these American trifles sent in a box to the missionaries from their friends. "We love our teachers and so we value whatever their friends send."

Some bands are forming circulating libraries. Fine additions to these are such books as the "Boy Traveller Series," "On the Congo," "In Siam," "The Zig-Zag Journeys," "In the Orient," "In the Antipodes," "The Vassar Girls in South America and Other Lands," "The Ansons in Asiatic Temples". Such illustrated books will instruct when lent, though but partially read.

Even a postal-card band notification may help. One boy said to his friend and leader, "Miss F——, you are my only regular correspondent." Said a mother, "Tom did not answer your note, but it lay on his bureau, and he thought about it all the more for his not replying, I think." Tom had been losing interest, but, when next he saw this leader, he promised assistance.

We cannot fail to recognize the wonderful power of these bands. The interest is proved by the subscription list to the Mission Magazine, (how many subscribers have you?) by the "Foreign Mission Sunday," when bands unite with the church-members in carrying out some attractive programme.

Will not each of us try to help every one engaged in this work in the many ways possible? Can we not have real co-operation? Are we not forgetting where, after all, is our one confidence and help? Are we remembering the unused power of the church,"—prayer? Do we expect the answer?

Let us realize the value of our work. Let us take it up afresh, with new consecration to our Lord, asking that each individual may come closer to him through it, unwilling to waste time, talent, opportunity, in this the only time we possess, the present (for we have neither the past nor the future), confident of the truth of the oft-quoted "Prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything."—*Sunday-School Times.*

RECALLING the patience and long-suffering of the Heavenly Father towards us will often restrain the hand moved to punish, and silence the tongue prompt to censure.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IV.—APRIL 26, 1891.

NINEVEH BROUGHT TO REPENTANCE.

Jon. 3:1-10.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The men of Nineveh shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and, behold, a greater than Jonas is here."—Luke 11:32.

HOME READINGS.

M. Jon. 1:1-17.—Jonah's Flight.
T. Jon. 2:1-10.—Jonah's Prayer.
W. Jon. 3:1-10.—Jonah's Preaching.
Th. Jon. 4:1-11.—Jonah's Anger.
F. Luke 11:29-36.—A Greater than Jonah.
S. Luke 13:1-9.—Repentance Enforced.
S. Ezek. 33:1-16.—"Why will Ye Die?"

LESSON PLAN.

I. Jonah's Preaching, vs. 1-4.
II. The People's Repentance. vs. 5-9.
III. The Lord's Mercy. v. 10.

TIME.—Probably about B.C. 810; Jeroboam II. king of Israel; Rimmon Nirari king of Assyria.

PLACE.—Nineveh, the capital of Assyria, on the Tigris, opposite the modern town of Mosul.

OPENING WORDS.

For three days and three nights Jonah remained in the belly of the great fish by which he was swallowed up, but upon his praying to God he was cast forth upon dry ground. After his deliverance he was again commanded to go to Nineveh. He obeyed the command, and our lesson to-day records the effect of his preaching in that great and wicked city.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 3. *Arose and went*—obedient and seeking to fulfil his commission. *An exceeding great city*—twenty-five miles long by fifteen broad, surrounded by high walls and castles and supposed to contain about six hundred thousand people. V. 4. *A day's journey*—going hither and thither, proclaiming the message. V. 5. *Proclaimed a fast*—fasting, sackcloth and ashes were ancient symbols of humiliation and penitence. *Sackcloth*—coarse cloth made of goats' hair. V. 8. *Everyone from his evil way*—from his every-day actual sins—injustice, violence, oppression—with hearty repentance. V. 9. *Who can tell*—faith was mingled with *his fear*; while he fears the threatened wrath, he hopes for mercy. V. 10. *Repented*—turned from his purpose and spared the city, because they changed their conduct.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Whither did the Lord send Jonah? What do you know about Nineveh? What did Jonah do? How did the Lord punish him? How was he saved? What effect had this upon him? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. JONAH'S PREACHING. vs. 1-4.—What new commission did the Lord give Jonah? What did Jonah do? What did he proclaim? What does every sin deserve?

II. THE PEOPLE'S REPENTANCE. vs. 5-9.—What effect had Jonah's preaching upon the people of Nineveh? How did the people show their repentance? What did the king do? What proclamation did he make? How was the fast observed? From what did the king call the people to turn away? What hope of mercy did the king express in his proclamation? What is repentance unto life?

III. THE LORD'S MERCY. v. 10.—What did God see? What did these works show? What did God do? Why did he spare the city? What should this teach us? When does God show mercy? What does God require of us that we may escape his wrath and curse, due to us for sin?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That God does not punish transgressors without first warning them of their danger and calling them to repentance.
2. That we should humble ourselves in times of distress and danger.
3. That we should show our sorrow for sin by *forsaking it.*
4. That God will forgive our sins if we confess and forsake them.
5. That our guilt will be far greater than that of Nineveh if we repent not, because we have far more knowledge of our duty than they had.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What new commission did the Lord give to Jonah? Ans. Arise, go to Nineveh, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee.
2. What did Jonah do? Ans. He arose and went to Nineveh according to the word of the Lord.
3. What proclamation did he make in the city? Ans. Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown.
4. What effect did his preaching produce? Ans. The king and all the people repented, and turned every one from his evil way.
5. What did God do? Ans. He saw their works, and spared the city.

LESSON V.—MAY 3, 1891.

ISRAEL OFTEN REPROVED.—Amos 4:4-13.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."—Prov. 29:1.

HOME READINGS.

M. Amos 3:1-15.—God's Judgment against Israel.
T. Amos 4:1-13.—Israel Often Reproved.
W. Prov. 29:1-16.—Sudden Destruction Threatened.
Th. Amos 5:1-15.—"Seek ye Me, and ye shall Live."
F. Amos 5:16-27.—Captivity Foretold.
S. Amos 6:1-14.—"I will Deliver up the City."
S. Amos 7:1-9.—The Sanctuaries shall be Laid Waste.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Given up to Idolatry. vs. 4, 5.
II. Chastened but not Returning. vs. 6-11.
III. Warned of Final Judgment. vs. 12, 13.

TIME.—About B. C. 787; Jeroboam II. king of Israel; Uzziah king of Judah.

PLACE.—Probably Samaria, the capital of Israel.

OPENING WORDS.

The prophet Amos, though a native of Judah exercised his ministry chiefly in Israel. In the chapter from which our lesson passage is taken he foretells the coming captivity of Israel, recounts the reproofs and chastisements under which they had not returned unto the Lord, and then calls upon them to meet their God in fierce and final judgment soon about to come upon them.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 4. *Come to Bethel*—the prophet, having foretold the captivity of Israel (vs. 1-2), now with indignant irony bids them go on in their self-willed idolatry, and see how unable these idols were to save them. *Bethel*—the place where the calf-worship was set up by Jeroboam. *Gilgal*—between Jericho and the Jordan. An idolatrous form of worship was there practised. Hos. 4:15; 9:15; 12:11. V. 6. The Lord now recounts his several reproving chastisements—famine (v. 6), drought (vs. 7, 8), blasting and mildew (v. 9.) pestilence (v. 10) and earthquake (v. 11)—inflicted with a view to reclaiming them, but adds to each the same sad result, "Yet have ye not returned unto me." V. 11. *As a fire-brand plucked out of the burning*—a phrase proverbial for a narrow escape from utter destruction. V. 12. *Therefore*—since all chastisements and reproofs have failed. *Prepare to meet thy God*—in judgments fierce and final. V. 13. *For lo*—a sublime description of the God whom Israel must meet.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

1. GIVEN UP TO IDOLATRY. vs. 4, 5.—What ironical direction did the prophet give to Israel? Of what worship were Bethel and Gilgal the seats? In what respects did these idolaters imitate the true worship of Jehovah? Why were they thus given up to idolatry?

II. CHASTENED BUT NOT RETURNING. vs. 6-11.—What reproving chastisements had the Lord sent upon Israel? What had been their conduct under each of these chastisements? Why did the Lord remind them of these things?

III. WARNED OF FINAL JUDGEMENT. vs 12, 13.—What warning did the Lord now give? Why was this warning given? For what was Israel to prepare? How was this warning enforced? What is threatened against those who neglect God's warning reproofs? Prov. 1:24-31; 29:1.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That men continue in sin because they love the ways of sin.
2. That God warns the wicked by his word, his Spirit and his providences to forsake their sins.
3. That many neglect these merciful warnings, and do not return unto the Lord.
4. That those who continue in this neglect must meet the Lord in judgment.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. To what sins had the Israelites given themselves up? Ans. They had forsaken the Lord and given themselves up to Idolatry.
2. How had the Lord chastened them for their sins? Ans. He had sent severe judgments upon them.
3. What had Israel failed to do under all these judgments? Ans. Yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord.
4. What final warning did the Lord give them? Ans. Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HAPPY WOMEN.

Impatient women, as you wait
In cheerful homes to-night, to hear
The sound of steps that, soon or late,
Shall come as music to your ear.

Forget yourselves a little while,
And think in pity of the pain
Of women who will never smile
To hear a coming step again.

Babies that in their cradles sleep,
Belong to you in perfect trust;
Think of the mothers left to weep,
Their babies lying in the dust.

And when the step you wait for comes,
And all your world is full of light,
O women! safe in happy homes,
Pray for all lonesome souls to-night.

—*Phœbe Cary.*

CARE IN SCARLET FEVER.

Scarlet fever is spread by contagion—by the transfer of particles of living matter from a person suffering from the disease. These particles of living matter come from the skin, from the membrane lining the mouth, nose, and throat, and perhaps also from the intestines and urinary organs.

It is a disease which it is especially desirable to prevent the occurrence of in young children, partly because the susceptibility to its cause diminishes greatly with increased age, and partly because it is much less dangerous in adults.

There is reason to question the wisdom of using costly and troublesome methods of preventing the spread of measles, because the susceptibility to the cause of this disease remains in adult life, and it is, if anything, more liable to result in dangerous lung complications in advanced age than in children; but there can be no doubt as to the wisdom of restricting the spread of scarlet fever as much as possible.

The precautions to be taken when a case occurs in a house are in many respects the same as for a case of diphtheria, viz., to isolate the patient in an airy room having the least possible amount of furniture. The room should have no carpets or curtains, and no upholstered furniture, such as lounges, sofas, stuffed chairs, etc.

All the secretions and excretions, and all articles soiled by them, should be disinfected thoroughly and promptly while they are yet moist.

A special and important precaution is to keep the whole surface of the body thoroughly anointed with some bland fatty matter, such as camphorated oil, vaseline, or cosmoline, and especial care should be taken to do this when convalescence has set in, and the peeling off of the skin has commenced.

All toys, books, etc., handled by the child are dangerous and had best be destroyed in the room by fire or by putting them into a vessel containing a strong solution of bichloride of mercury or of chloride of zinc.

No clothing, bedding, towels, or other woven stuffs should be taken from the room while dry; they should be placed in a tub or wash boiler containing scalding hot water, and thoroughly boiled before they are allowed to dry.

When the peeling of the skin has entirely ceased, the patient should be thoroughly bathed, using warm water and soap—be dressed in entirely fresh clothing, and the room and its contents should be thoroughly disinfected.

The average period during which complete isolation of the patient is required, and during which he should not go out of his room or receive any visitor is five weeks. Usually six weeks will be required to secure absolute freedom from danger.

The walls and ceilings of the rooms should be rubbed with damp cloths, which should be at once burned or boiled. The floor and all woodwork should be thoroughly scrubbed with soap and water.

The windows, fireplace, doors, and all other outlets of the room should be tightly closed, and sulphur be burned in the room in the proportion of one pound of sulphur to each thousand cubic feet—that is if the room is fifteen feet square and eleven feet high, about two and one-half or three pounds of roll brimstone will be required. Put the brimstone in an iron kettle, and place the kettle on a tray of sand three inches thick, or burn in an old basin floating in a tub of water; pour a wineglass of alcohol on the brimstone and set fire to it, leaving the rooms immediately, as the fumes are dangerous. Let the room remain tightly closed for twenty-four hours, then open all windows from outside and let the fresh air circulate in it for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours.—*The Sanitary Engineer.*

A BABY COSTUME.

There is a costume for babies so vastly superior to the old-fashioned pinning blanket and band system, that every mother of a young baby should know of it.

This costume consists of three garments. First, a slip of fine white canton flannel made like a sack nightdress, opened down the back far enough so that baby can easily be slipped into it, and fastened with one button at the back of the neck. Second, a flannel garment made exactly like the first, except that it has no sleeves, the arm-holes being faced. Third, any baby dress.

When baby is to be dressed, the first garment should be placed inside the second, and the sleeves thrust through the arm-holes of the flannel garment. The dress should be drawn over these, and the canton flannel sleeves drawn through the dress sleeves. The three garments are put on the baby at one time; he is turned over once, and each garment buttoned at the back of the neck. It is the work of a moment. The buttons should be set back from the neck opening at first, and moved out as baby grows.

If a mother wishes to use cambric skirts under the thin dresses, they should be made like the flannel garment. Old-fashioned skirts can be improved by sewing to a long yoke instead of to a band. Socks long enough to pin to the napkin render a pinning blanket unnecessary.

The advantages of this way of dressing baby to the mother are, a great saving of time and trouble in making the clothes, and in dressing baby each morning, and the pleasure of knowing that he is comfortable in his clothes; to the baby, being so quickly dressed that it does not spoil the pleasant effect of his bath, having no tight bands to hurt him, or loose ones to slip out of place and be uncomfortable, no pins to prick, and nothing to trammel the free action of his kicking little legs.—*Francie Dean in Household.*

THE ROOM OF THE INVALID.

The invalid's world is bounded by the four walls of his room, and the veriest trifle occurring within its limits is of far more importance to him than the most stupendous events of the outside universe. A picture hanging awry makes him thoroughly miserable; a twisted rug or a misplaced chair causes discomfort. If his room is stiff and bare, badly arranged, or dingy, creation to him is shrouded in gloom.

Any one waiting on an invalid knows how the monotony of meals taken in bed destroys the appetite and induces disgust of the most delicate fare, and this in spite of all the care which can be taken to make the appointments of the table dainty, and the bed clothing pretty and bright as well as perfectly pure and sweet. In the same way the embellishments of an invalid's room will become hateful to him, and the daily sight of the same furniture and wall-paper a burden greater than he can bear. At this state of weakness and enforced idleness the strong man cries out more than against bearing the most acute pain. It might, then, be a good idea to introduce occasional changes, as far as possible, into the room of the sufferer. To bring in new articles of furniture, and remove those already there to other parts of the house. That the furniture is older or not so handsome is slight matter; it is new and interesting to the weary eyes watching from the bed. A fresh table will become quite an object of curiosity, and afford conversation for days; and a differently shaped bureau will be an exciting circumstance. A novel arrangement of chairs or pictures might have a good effect, and often an entire change of mantel ornaments would be a perfect godsend to the sensitive nerves on which the old ones have grated so long.—*Eva Lovett Carson, in Harper's Bazar.*

USEFUL HINTS.

Buttermilk, it is said, will take out mildew stains.

To clean knives, cut a small potato, dip it in brick dust and rub them.

New iron should be gradually heated at first; it will not be so likely to crack.

Paint splashes may be removed from window panes by a very hot solution of soda, using a soft flannel.

Tubs will not warp or crack open, if the precaution is taken to put a pail of water into each, directly after use.

If soap is purchased in large quantities, and kept in a warm, dry room, half the usual amount will be required.

Chloride of lime should be scattered at least once a week under sinks, and in all places where sewer gas is liable to lurk.

To extract paint from clothing—saturate the spots with spirits of turpentine, let it remain several hours, then rub it and it will drop off.

To destroy moths and other vermin: dissolve alum in hot water, making a very strong solution; apply to furniture or crevices in the wall with a paint brush. This is a sure destruction to those noxious vermin, and invaluable because easily obtained, is perfectly safe to use, and leaves no unpleasant traces behind. When you suspect moths have lodged in the borders of carpets wet the edge of the carpets with a strong solution; whenever it reaches them it is certain death.

COMFORT IN SHOES.

A retired shoe dealer, whom mercenary considerations no longer deter from giving advice as to the proper care of shoes, says: "A pair of shoes made of good leather will last much longer if properly cared for than when neglected. When shoes are only blacked the leather soon becomes hard and dry, the best fitting pair will be uncomfortable, and here and there little cracks will appear, which will become chasms. Every week or two the blacking should be wiped off with a damp cloth, the shoe should be allowed to dry, and then be rubbed with the best harness oil."

Every part, including the sole and the seams, should be oiled, and the oil given a chance to soak in. The toughest leather can be made soft in this way, and good leather will, after this treatment, feel like kid. The shoe will wear three times as long and be much more comfortable.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

CLEANING OIL BARRELS.

The question is asked if coal oil barrels can be cleaned for meat. A friendly farmer writes to *The Mining and Scientific News*: "I have used them for fifteen years with perfect success. Knock out the head, set fire to a piece of paper and put it in the barrel. The fire will burn with a loud roar. Roll the barrel round so it will burn out even, and when it is burned one-eighth of an inch deep turn in about a pint of coal oil, roll around until it is spread all over the inside, then fire again. Scrape off most of the charcoal and wash it out. It is not necessary to burn over one-eighth inch deep. I will guarantee there will never be the slightest taste of coal oil in the meat. I have used these barrels for ham, pork, beef, lard and honey. Old, musty or tainted barrels I treat in the same way by using a pint or so of oil. Have treated linseed oil barrels the same way."

ALWAYS KEEP WARM.

If you are getting a cold, and feel the chills creeping stealthily over you, beware! and get warm at any cost. Heat your room to eighty degrees if necessary, drink a cup of hot tea or chocolate, and put on all the wraps you please, even if you are laughed at for so doing. Better a small laugh at your expense than a severe cold, lasting for weeks, perhaps ending in a doctor's bill, certainly spoiling your comfort, and your good looks as well. And when the chill is averted and normal warmth and health restored, you will then need the extra heat no more than the waggon needs a fifth wheel. But never sit and chill, for fear of "coddling yourself." It is almost suicidal.—*Natalie Bell, in Housekeeper's Weekly.*

HINTS ON DISINFECTION.

What is the best and cheapest disinfectant? is a question frequently asked. For answer, we give the following from the *Century*, which has been tried by many persons and found to be as good, if not better, than those disinfectants which cost twice or three times as much.

First. Corrosive sublimate (mercuric chloride), sulphate of copper, and chloride of lime are among our best disinfectants, the first two being poisonous.

At wholesale drug houses in New York single pounds can be obtained, mercuric chloride costing seventy-five cents, the others ten cents a pound.

Second. A quarter of a pound of corrosive sublimate and a pound of sulphate of copper in one gallon of water make a concentrated solution to keep in stock. We will refer to it as "solution A."

Third. For the ordinary disinfecting solution add a half a pint of "solution A" to a gallon of water. This, while costing less than a cent and a half per gallon, is a good strength for general use. For disinfecting choleraic or typhoid fever excreta, use about a gallon of "solution A" to one gallon of water.

Fourth. A quarter pint of "solution A" to a gallon of water is used to wash woodwork, floors, and wooden furniture after fumigation and ventilation.

Fifth. Soak sheets, etc., in chloride of lime solution, wring out and boil.

Sixth. Cesspools, etc., should be well covered on top with a mixture of chloride of lime with ten parts of dry sand.

Seventh. In all contagious diseases, isolate the patient in an upper room, from which curtains, carpets and stuffed furniture have been removed.

Eighth. The solution of mercuric chloride must not be placed in metal vessels, since the mercury would plate them.

MAKING CHILDREN MIND.

A mother should be careful to make only reasonable demands upon her child's obedience, but, when once made, to enforce them implicitly. One should be very careful never to enter into a contest over a point that cannot be enforced. A child may be made to do certain things, but no power on earth can force him to do others, or to say words that he has made up his mind not to say. The prudent mother will enforce her authority and teach obedience on ground that she is sure of being able to hold. Points that she knows she cannot carry she will avoid until the habit of obedience is formed, and then there will be no discussion.—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

PUFF PUDDING.—Into two teacupfuls flour sift two teaspoonfuls baking powder and a half teaspoonful salt, rub into it butter the size of an egg and add enough sweet milk to make a soft batter. Grease six or eight cups, set them in a steamer, and dip into each a large spoonful of batter, then the same amount of some canned fruit, as peaches, raspberries, etc. Drain off the syrup before using the fruit, otherwise it would be too juicy. Over this place another spoonful or more of the batter. Cover closely and steam half an hour. To be eaten hot with a hot sauce. The juice from the fruit can be used in the sauce, unless some other flavoring is preferred.

PUZZLES.—No. 7.

GOOD ADVICE IN PI.

Fi a ktsn si coen egbnu,
Reney caevl ti ltil ts'l cond;
Eb eht oblra tgera ro lmsal,
Od tl lowi, ro tno ta lal.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILMENTS.

Behead and curtail boots and leave a tool; costs and leave a grain; covering of the head and leave an old town; a pattern and leave a song; lairs and leave a relative: a place to skate and leave a preposition.

WILLIAM SANDERCOCK.

HOUR GLASS.

1. An invention. 2. Vastness. 3. Warlike. 4. Splendor. 5. Anger. 6. A consonant. 7. Necessary to life. 8. Whim. 9. Progress. 10. Forcible. 11. Cannot be got over.

ANDREW A. SCOTT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 6.

CHARADE.—Pen-man-ship.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.—

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A GREAT MAN.—Samuel.

CITIES IN PI.—Cologne, Oxford, Naples, St. Petersburg, Tokio, Atlanta, Ningpo, Trenton, Indianapolis, New York, Edinburgh.

Correct answers have been received from Annie Roberta Guyther.

The Family Circle.

TELL THE TALE.

BY PASTOR J. CLARK, ANTIGONISH, NOVA SCOTIA.

Tell the tale of Jesus love,
  Tenderly and sweetly;
Like to one who fain would be
  In its power completely.
'Tis a wondrous, wondrous theme!
  Love o'er sin victorious!
'Tis the love of God's dear Son—
  Let his praise be glorious.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love
  Fresh from Truth's own pages;
And its hold on man it keeps
  Through long-lasting ages.
While to you the passing years
  More and more endear it,
Millions of the human race
  Die and never hear it!

Tell the tale of Jesus' love
  Where life's ills are thronging;
Nought like this in all the world
  Meets the heart's deep longing;
Nought like this can cheer and bless
  Sinful, dying mortals;
Nought like this can gild with light
  Death's dark, gloomy portals.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love;
  Think not, None will listen;
Soon, beneath its sacred spell,
  Childhood's eyes will glisten.
Ay, and souls perchance even now
  Wonder why you never
Speak of Him whose name might bring
  Life to them forever.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love,
  Free from formal phrases;
Let each meaning word and look
  Speak the Saviour's praises.
Heaven is listening! Wherefore wait?
  Haste! for time is flying:
Speak as though you just had seen
  Christ for sinners dying.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love;
  Oh! 'tis worth the telling,
Where, amid the multitude,
  Joyous strains are swelling.
Yes, and where one sorrowing soul,
  Weary, burdened, lonely,
Has no friend to come between
  Him and Jesus only.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love,
  Fervent prayer upbreathing;
Plead as Christ would plead with men,
  Tears with words enwreathing;
Plead as one whose gladdened heart
  Thrills with Calvary's story;
Plead as one who longs to win
  Souls for God and glory.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love
  While the strength is given;
Glorious work on earth is this—
  Pointing souls to heaven!
Tell this tale of love until
  Soul from body sever;
Then, among the saints above,
  Tell it out for ever!

—*Missionary Review of the World.*

A SERVICE OF SONG.

BY RAYMOND M. ALDEN.

Only the other day I met a man whose face and words sent my mind travelling back over the space of years to a little mountain hotel in Tennessee. There had been an accident to the engine, and consequently my Cousin Agnes and I, who were journeying across the State, were delayed, with other unfortunates, in a village uncompromisingly desolate, and in the hotel of which I speak.

I cannot undertake to describe the aspect of the little town, or the impression it made on my impatient mind. I might say it seemed to be asleep, but that the term would convey too much of an idea of repose and peace. Perhaps I may describe it as in a sort of drunken stupor, but with too little enterprise to be bad. The hotel partook of the character of the place. In the ill-smelling "parlor," to which my cousin and I betook ourselves, we found a sort of corpse of a carpet and some ancient furniture, among it a piano of an old style, sadly out of tune. Where the other delayed passengers were I did not know. The only companion we had in that dismal place was an old lady, evidently a boarder there. Her dress was antiquated, but the wrinkled face which smiled from the depths of the large frilled cap was pleasant and refined, presenting, to my mind, the only relieving feature of the scene.

Outside it rained. This did not appear to interfere in the least with the comfort of the loafers who smoked under the "parlor" windows. Agnes, for want of occupation, sat down to the piano, which was very hoarse and occasionally sneezed inwardly. I cannot say that "Chopin's waltzes" sounded very natural, but "Old Hundred," which my cousin tried by way of contrast, appeared to give the old lady an idea. She had been watching the player with admiring eyes, and now came over to the instrument and spoke.

"I was thinking, my dear," she said hesitatingly, "that if you could sing a little mite, just some old hymn or something, it would seem real good. Who knows but it might help some of them poor boys out there? They're most likely away from their homes and mothers, and it ain't probable they hear much good music—the Lord's music, you know."

Agnes looked at me inquiringly.

"It seems to me," I replied in a low tone, "rather an odd idea. I can't say that I should like your singing in such a place as this." Doubtless my nose involuntarily showed my disapproval of our surroundings, as noses will.

My cousin looked very thoughtful. "But, Ralph," she said, "if this is one of those little opportunities for service, such as we were speaking of last night, would it not be the right thing to do?"

"My dear cousin," I replied, "I do not see any probability of our doing helpful work by singing in this place, but do as you think best. No doubt the old lady would enjoy it."

"Won't you sing with us?" asked Agnes, turning and speaking to her, with the deference she would have shown to a queen.

"My cousin and I will be glad to sing a little."

"Dear child!" said the old lady, "I haven't no voice for music now. It was used up long ago. When I was young like you, they used to say I sung in the choir like a bird. But my old voice is almost through its work here. I'd love to listen to you, though."

My cousin turned around, the tears in her bright eyes. Did she see the vision which passed before me—a church of the olden time, with lofty pulpit and high-backed pews, a solemn minister, an attentive congregation, a choir of young singers, in the simple garb of long ago, their sweet voices pealing forth the Psalms of David, their happy "hearts in tune," like his "harp of solemn sound?" Did they consider the weary years, the white hair, the dimness of sight, awaiting them? I think not, for they sang:

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!

And my vision vanished, for Agnes was singing it now, and the wrinkled face was smiling at us, and the old lips were moving with the old words, for the home had only come nearer through all the advancing years.

I have never heard my cousin sing as she did that dismal afternoon. The crowd at the windows laid aside their pipes and looked and listened. We sang together many familiar hymns of invitation and Christian thought, and Agnes sang alone the one beginning:

Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me;
See, on the portals he's waiting and watching,
Watching for you and for me!

Then came the refrain:

Come home! come home! Ye who are weary, come home!
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,
Calling, O sinner, come home!

I confess I looked with surprise on the interest manifested among the group at the window. As the last sweet strain died away I noticed one young man, with a face better than most of those there, rub his rough hand quickly across his eyes. Almost immediately afterward the clerk of the hotel brought us the welcome news that the engine had been repaired and that our train would start at once. The old lady followed us to the door with tears of pleasure in her eyes.

"You have done me good!" she exclaimed.

"And you have done us good!" Agnes replied quickly.

"Good-bye, grandma," I said, and bent willingly to kiss the brow crowned with the whitened hair. I never saw her again.

I said in the beginning that I recently met a man whose face and words sent my thoughts back to that time and place. He was an evangelist and a remarkable singer. He had just been singing, with wonderful power, this very hymn.

"I well remember," he said, turning to us who were standing near him, "the first time I heard that hymn. It was in a miserable little hotel in Tennessee, where I had been squandering my substance—a real prodigal son. There came one afternoon into the building a little company of people who had been delayed in that forlorn place by a railway accident, and one or two of them began singing around the piano. The lady's voice I shall never forget. She sang one of my mother's old hymns and then this one, 'Come home.' Wherever I went, the next few days, I seemed to hear that voice, saying, 'Come home!' And the end of it was, I came."

"Not the end, sir," I said, reaching out my hand.

Then I told him of the singers of that afternoon, and the only earthly one whom he had to thank—that dear old lady with the crown of snowy hair! I hardly think we often find two such links in the mixed chain of our experiences. God be thanked that sometimes we may see the "working together for good" of the plans of the only wise One.—*Congregationalist.*

DANGEROUS DOORS.

"Come, Uncle John, do please tell us a story," said Amy Lawrence. "There is just time for a good one before we go to bed."

"Yes, that will be splendid!" shouted Tom, and Jack, and Sue. "Do, Uncle John, we are all tired out playing."

"Well! Well!" said Uncle John, "I'll do my best. I'll tell you about some very dangerous doors I have seen."

"Splendid! exclaimed Tom. "Great big iron doors, such as they have in the prison that shut with a crash, and have big bolts, to keep a man in?"

"Yes," said Jack, "and like the door Robinson Crusoe climbed up to, and pulled his ladder after him?"

"No," said Uncle John, "the doors I mean are very small ones, and very pretty. They are pink and white, like the beautiful sea-shell, and when they are open you can see a row of sentinels all clothed in pure white, and behind them in the house is a little lady dressed in crimson."

"A fairy story, I declare," said Amy, clapping her hands, and looking her thanks into her uncle's eyes. "Let us go in and see all about the house."

"No, I am not going to talk to-night of what there is inside of the house, but about what comes out. You know I said I would tell of dangerous doors, and it is what comes from within these doors that makes them very dangerous."

"Were there giants inside—big, ugly ones?" said Sue, with wondering eyes.

"Well, I never saw exactly, but I have heard some terrible sounds come out of these doors, as if some very wicked people lived inside; and when the door was open and the guards away, I have known some things sharper than spears to be thrust out. Only to-day two of these doors opened, and the crimson lady began to talk very loud and fast: 'I think Jack is real mean; he's got all my blocks, and I want to play with them. I don't see what right he has to go to my room.' And another little crimson lady said: 'I think Mary Smith is a cross, hateful thing. She need not put on such airs, either; she isn't any better than some other folks, anyway.'"

"Oh, Uncle John," said Amy, hanging her head, "did you hear that? I know what your doors are—they are the lips, and the sentinels the teeth, and the pretty lady the tongue."

"Yes; and the mouth is a very dangerous door. Read Matt. xv. 11."

Tom got his Bible and read: "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man."

"Yes; and now let us read some other verses, and they will do instead of our evening chapter."

Tom and Amy read as their uncle called off the passages from the Concordance: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" (Matt. xii. 34). "The thoughts of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord: but the words of the pure are pleasant words. The mouth of the wicked poureth out evil things" (Prov. xv. 26-28). "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver" (Prov. xxv. 11). "The words of a talebearer are as wounds" (Prov. xviii. 8). "Swords are in their lips" (Psalm lxix. 7). "They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent; adders' poison is under their lips" (Psalm cxl. 3). "Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature, and it is set on fire of hell. For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind; but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison" (James iii. 5-8).

The children had become very sober, and Uncle John said, "You see, I was right when I said the lips are dangerous doors. If you look in your Bibles for the words 'mouth,' 'lips,' 'tongue,' and 'words,' you will be astonished to see how much God has said about this very thing. We must be careful what comes out of these doors. Set a watch over them as the keepers guard the doors of a prison. Patience and forbearance, on one side, humility and prayer on the other, and we will be safe. Now, is not this a good story?"

"Yes, Uncle;" said Amy, "and I hope we will all remember it."

"Well, then, before you kiss me good-night, I will give you some other words from the good book, which would make a good prayer for every day of your lives:

"'Set a watch, O Lord, upon my mouth; keep the door of my lips.'

"'Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer.'

"'O Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.'"—*Illustrated Words of Grace.*

UNPREPARED.

We physicians, said Doctor Blank, lately, have many glimpses of tragedy in our daily rounds. The most pitiful one that I remember was the death-bed of a lad, a member of the junior class in a certain college, who had been thrown from his horse and fatally hurt.

He was a large, vigorous man, and had always possessed superb health. Probably he had never thought of the possibility of death for himself. His hurt was internal. It gave him no pain, and he spoke jocosely of his "slight accident." It was my duty to tell him that he had not an hour to live. In one moment the boy had to give up friends, home, the thousand pursuits and hopes which filled his mind and face death.

An awful silence followed. Some one at his bedside sobbed out for him to "trust in Jesus."

He turned his head and cried, "Mother, who is Jesus? What is he?"

She tried to answer him, but his brain grew cloudy. He did not understand her, and so, unanswered, he died.

They were not heathens. The mother was an intellectual, brilliant woman; she owned a pew in a church, and went to it sometimes, as she conformed to all other customs of respectable society. She was proud and fond of her boy; she had been in many ways a faithful mother. When he was a child she cared for his digestion, his teeth, his clothes, his manners.

She had herself carefully trained him in mathematics to prepare him for a special course in college. She had guarded him against improper associates, and anxiously placed him in "a good set" of companions; but she had left him to learn of the one Friend who was to control his whole life here and hereafter from the chance words of a sermon or the half-forgotten lessons of a Sunday-school teacher

I shall never forget that woman's face as she stood looking at her dead son.—*Ex.*

DR. EDWARD JUDSON.

THE JUDSON MEMORIAL

Two years ago was celebrated the centenary of the birth of Dr. Adoniram Judson, the first American foreign missionary, around whose memory clings so much that is historic, heroic and romantic. At that time an account of his life and work was given in the *Messenger*. Since then public attention has been drawn to the work in New York of his son, Dr. Edward Judson, whose success as a home-worker bids fair to rival that of his father in the foreign field.

Born in Burmah, a son of the second Mrs. Judson who was the widow of Dr. George D. Boardman, missionary to Savoy, Dr. Judson is now in the fiftieth year of his age. About ten years ago he gave up the pastorate of a church in Orange, N. J., a congregation wealthy, prosperous, and strongly attached to him, and began a unique work in the Berean Baptist church, New York. The aim and scope of that work can best be shown by a description of the edifice just built by the congregation in memory of the world-renowned missionary. The building of which the church is only a part, writes a New York correspondent, is a handsome structure of Roman brick, ornamented with terra-cotta trimmings. It stands in a fine commanding position on the corner of Thompson street, with the church proper facing on Washington Square. West of this building is a gateway through which the main entrance leads, and still further west is the tower, a square massive erection, nine stories in height. Next to this tower is a dwelling-house corresponding in style with the whole building. The arrangement of the church building is very complete and admirably adapted to the varied uses for which it is designed. On the ground floor is the lecture and Sunday-school room, which on week days is to be utilized as a kindergarten school. The second floor is nearly all given up to the main audience room for Sabbath services. The tower is to accommodate the "Children's Home," the lower floor and the front parts of the second and third floors being devoted to its use. The rest of the rooms in the tower and the adjoining dwelling-house will be used as a boarding-house under the supervision of the church. Arrangements are also made for a gymnasium, a reading room, and the Young Men's Club of the church. An inspection of the building produces a very pleasing impression of the large possibilities for doing the work so much needed in the down-town districts of this city. The combination of the home with the church is the leading idea of the edifice, and it is evident the experience and observation of the wants of the neighborhood of Dr. Edward Judson, the pastor, have found expression in the arrangements of the edifice. Certainly, the wider work to which the Berean church is devoting itself will not be hampered for want of a suitable and complete equipment. About $320,000 has been spent on the new building, including $35,000 realized as the proceeds of the sale of the old building, and there yet remains $90,000 to be subscribed. The windows in the auditorium are all costly memorial windows—one to the Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman, one to the Rev. Dr. Dowling, long the pastor of the Berean Baptist church; one to the Rev. Dr. Hague, one to the Rev. Dr. Gillette, one to two English missionaries and the others to persons less widely known. The heirs of J. B. Hoyt, of Stamford, Conn., have given $5,000 for a sculptured marble baptistery in his memory. Mr. Havemeyer, of New York, has given an equal amount for an organ in memory of his brother, Hector; and the Children's Home, representing a gift of $40,000, is a memorial to Mr. Hiram Deats, of New Jersey. A lady friend left $15,000 in her will, which is for the endowment of the church schools. The opening services were well attended. An address was made by the pastor; and the Rev. Dr. C. F. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers, of New York, in a brief but hearty speech congratulated the pastor and the church on the success of their undertaking. The services the following Sunday were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Edward Judson, the pastor, who took for his text in the morning 2 Sam. 11:15: "In the forefront of the hottest battle." His discourse was devoted to the subject of practical missionary work in New York. He thought that New York Christians made the mistake of putting their best preachers and most finely equipped churches in the part of the city that needs them least, while usually only the most inefficient gospel appliances are to be found in the densely populated and most iniquitous districts. He said that a church that leaves the slums to seek more congenial surroundings is like an ostrich that hides its head in the sand. Such a church ceases to be Christian and becomes pagan, with only Christian veneering, and the world looks with disgust at this illustration of refined, pious, selfishness and turns infidel. Such is church work without the missionary spirit of Christianity. For true missionary and Christian work in New York the old method of two good sermons on Sunday and a weekly prayer-meeting will no longer suffice. Innovations to meet new exigencies must be made. Young men must be reached through sitting rooms, reading rooms and gymnasiums in or near the church itself. Children, especially children of foreign parents, must be trained in church, Sunday-school, singing schools, kindergarten, industrial and primary day-schools, and day nurseries. Thus a church can get the supervision of the child's training throughout the week up to its tenth year. Every church should have at least one mission station in a worse neighborhood than its own. The sermon was an exposition of Dr. Judson's movement in the erection of this building, with the uses to which it is to be put.

SABRINA STEBBINS.

During the three months that Sabrina Stebbins had attended the grammar school there had been a tendency among the girls in her class to avoid her. She was so peculiar, they said, and so old-fashioned; and they nearly all agreed in the opinion that she was too dull to pass a creditable examination. But Nellie Clark's loving heart yearned over her lonely classmate.

One day after school Nellie went back to the schoolroom, where she found Sabrina sitting at her desk studying.

"Oh, Sabrina!" she exclaimed, "do come out; you have spent enough time indoors for one day."

"I must study," was the answer, "for father says if I fail to pass a good examination, this shall be my last year in school," and Sabrina broke down completely at the thought of giving up her studies, which, in spite of her dulness, she truly loved.

Actuated by a sudden impulse Nellie asked, "Do you go to Sunday-school?"

"Yes," answered Sabrina.

"Then you know that the last lesson was about the 'draught of fishes.'"

"Yes."

"My teacher said that Jesus is just as willing to help us learn our lessons as he was willing to help Simon catch fish. Then she told us that she once attended a school where the teachers were very strict about the language used in the examination papers. She had not the faculty of expressing her thoughts well, but she prayed a great deal about her examination papers, and somehow that gave her a new interest in her work, so that when the time came she found that her answers were better expressed than those of her classmates."

Sabrina's sobs ceased, but as she did not raise her head, Nellie continued, "She also said that one day when her little nephew could not learn his lesson, he left the room for a while, but soon returned without saying anything, and it was not long before the lesson was learned and correctly recited. When his mother asked why he went into the other room, he answered, 'I asked Jesus to help me learn my lesson.'"

As Nellie ceased speaking, Sabrina looked up with a smile, exclaiming,

"I can do it!"

"Do what?" asked Nellie.

"I can trust him to help me," explained Sabrina; then gathering up her books she turned towards Nellie with a new light in her eyes as she said, "Thank you," and went out of the school-room.

From that time there was such a decided improvement in Sabrina's recitations that even Nellie was surprised, and at the close of the year her percentage equalled that of her brightest classmate.

"According to your faith be it unto you."—*Child's Paper.*

SELF-SACRIFICE, not merely for our own sanctification, but for the salvation of our fellow-men, is what brings us into true fellowship with the Christ, who gave himself for us.—*Andrew Murray.*

HIS WIFE'S ADVICE.

BY A. M. BRUNNER.

"Josiah, put your slippers on,
And cease your needless chatter!
I want to have a word with you
About a little matter.

"Josiah, look me in the face,
You know this world's condition,
Yet you have never cast a vote
Right out for prohibition.

"I heard you on your knees last night,
Ask help to keep from strayin';
And now I want to know if you
Will vote as you've been prayin'?

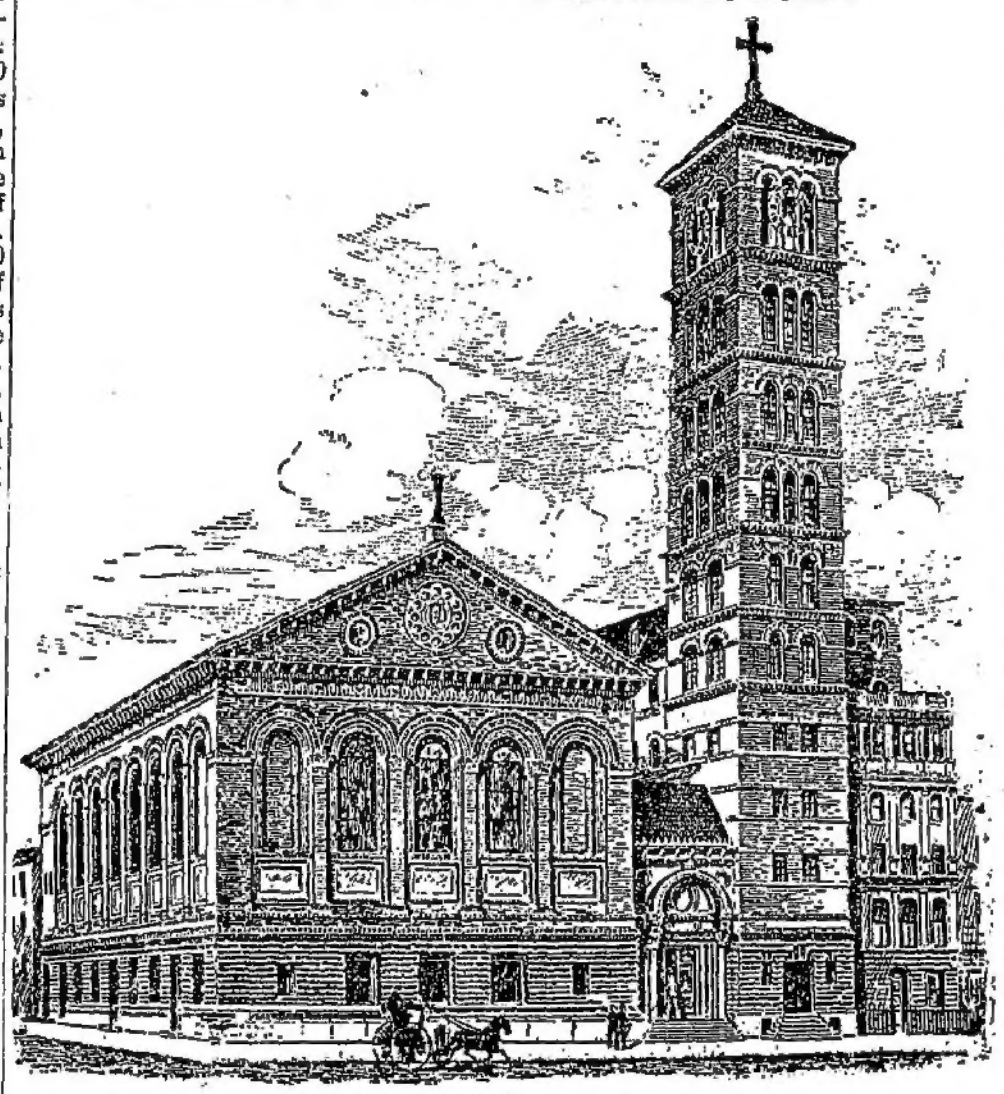
"You've prayed as loud as any man,
While with the tide a-floatin';
Josiah, you must stop sich work,
And do some better votin'!

"We women pray for better times,
And work right hard to make 'em;
You men vote liquor with its crimes,
And we just have to take 'em.

"How long, Josiah, must this be?
We work and pray 'gainst evil:
You pray all right, for what I see,
But vote just for the devil!

"There now! I've said my say, and you
Just save your ammunition,
And vote the way you've always prayed—
For total prohibition!"

—*Demorest's Family Magazine.*



THE JUDSON MEMORIAL.

THE SMITING OF THE AMALEKITE.

BY MARY SELDEN M'CORD.

The real name of the small settlement is South Betts. There is Betts, North Betts, Betts Centre, and Betts Corner. Then, tucked down in a narrow opening, with the ocean in front and stony farms nearly as barren as the sea in the rear, lies South Betts. Most of the natives are fisher-folk, and being conscientious in regard to the points of the compass, they insist on calling their Betts "Sou'west by Sou'."

They have many queer customs in Sou'-west by Sou'. Perhaps that is one reason why no one thought it absurd that the town school should this year begin its summer term in February.

"We divide the year into two quarters," argued Cap'n Dodd, whose strong point was not mathematics. "Taxes will be monstrous hefty 'count of buildin' the railro'd to Sou'west by Sou'. Mighty small funds come June. So I say stop the winter quarter in Jenooary, and start in fresh in Febooary. Just shove the summer quarter ahead while there's cash on hand. That'll be cheaper, too, for we hire a woman summer term."

Deacon Pratt, the other member of the school committee, asked a question. He put one long leg over the other, and shackled his bony hands round his sharp knee. "Was the winter master cal'lating to stay till spring?"

"No, no," answered Cap'n Dodd. "There wasn't mention made of when he should end. He boards round, you know, an' jest now he's to Cap'n Hights's. Reckon board's pretty slim there. He'll be ready to go, I guess, will George Nichols. I know a first-rate lady teacher. I'll clinch it with her, if you say so."

It was agreed. Mr. Nichols, the master, departed. Whether willingly or because his salary suddenly stopped, history does not relate. Miss Elizabeth Means came to Sou'west by Sou' to take the vacant place.

The scholars called her "Lizzie." That was one of the peculiar fashions at Sou'-west by Sou'. The pupils always called their teacher by his or her Christian name. They meant no disrespect. They knew no better. Even Tom Randolph, the minister's son, said "Lizzie." But the name sounded very different coming from his lips than when Jabez Flint shouted it in his rough manner.

For alas! Jabez Flint was coming to school since the summer term began in February. During the real summer Jabez worked in the fields, or went off on a fishing cruise. No woman had ever encountered him as a pupil before. And Jabez was a terror! He never tormented or bullied any boy of his own size, but he was larger than most of the lads. He had given much trouble to various winter masters, actually driving off one wretched man who was blest with more brains than muscle, and forcing him to steal away from town by night in the middle of a term.

No wonder the boys and girls spoke under their breath, "Jabe Flint's coming to school to a woman!"

Miss Means had opened the morning session, and was trying to arrange her classes. There came from the corner where Jabez sat the sound as of one talking half aloud. The new teacher stopped perplexed. "Did any one address me?" she inquired, courteously.

Jabez eyed her. A small, middle-aged woman, with stooping shoulders, the scar of an old burn on her right cheek, and frightened-looking eyes. Jabez took her measure and spoke accordingly.

"No, nobody was 'addressing' you, Lizzie," he said, impertinently. "Go on with your own job."

A titter went round the school. The smaller boys giggled conspicuously, if so be they might propitiate their foe. All but Tom Randolph. Tom was a gentleman to his fingers' ends, which twitched nervously at Jabez's insolent tone.

The morning was confused and most unsatisfactory. Miss Means did her best to keep order, but Jabez Flint baffled her efforts. He scuffled with his feet, snapped his finger joints, made uncouth noises in his throat, and behaved like a boor.

"Don't, Jabe, don't!" expostulated Tom Randolph, but he might as well have requested the north wind to stop blustering. He could only hold Miss Means's gloves for her while she put on her cloak at noon.

"Thank you," she said, gratefully, and Tom's heart throbbed with pity.

For a week matters went from bad to worse at school. The teacher's face was white and worn and anxious. More than half the scholars sided with Tom in his righteous indignation, but they also had a tremendous fear of Jabez Flint. Tom was only fifteen. What could he do against big strapping Jabez?

They all found just what pluck by itself was worth, when one morning Miss Means raised the lid of her desk, and, right in her face, out jumped three gray mice, which Jabez had slyly put inside.

There was a hubbub. The girls screamed and hopped wildly on the settees and benches. More than one boy followed their example.

Tom's Randolph blood boiled. He marched up to Jabez Flint. Jabez glowered down at him, but Tom spoke out loud and clear.

"A mighty brave fellow you are to scare a woman!" said Tom, and Jabez's wits were not so dull but that he recognized the sneer.

Now dwelling under the minister's roof was a certain young man from the city of New York, Mr. John Courtenay by name. Mr. John Courtenay was about to enter the Columbia College. That is to say, he would enter if the Rev. Mr. Randolph succeeded in coaxing a certain amount of Greek and Latin into his brains during the coming spring and summer. But Greek or no Greek, Tom Randolph regarded Mr. John Courtenay as a most superior being. This homage was graciously accepted, and repaid by much kindness and good comradeship.

Looking out of the window, Mr. John Courtenay spied the boy coming from the barn with a basket in his hand. Tom limped as if his left leg were lame. On being hailed he raised his face, and lo! there was a black bruise under one eye.

Mr. John Courtenay ran down stairs and opened the front door. "What are you doing with those eggs?" he asked.

"Carrying them to Lizzie," said Tom.

"What's the matter, youngster? Who tore your sleeve? Where did you pick up that eye?"

Both Tom's eyes flashed. "Jabez Flint licked me," he cried. "It's a shame! She's a woman, but she knows a heap more than George Nichols for all that. She's a mighty good teacher, and I won't stand Jabez Flint plaguing her. It isn't only because she's a woman, but because"—here Tom hesitated, glancing round, and lowered his voice—"she's so—mortal homely," he ended, confidentially. "If she was young and lively and handsome, she could manage for herself. But she's old and crooked, and she knows algebra like a book, sir. And Jabe Flint's a cad, and I told him so."

"Oh, you did, did you?"

"He put some mice in Lizzie's desk, and I went for him. He went for me, too," confessed Tom, ruefully, and his black eye repeated the mournful tale.

He limped off down the road. If he could do no more, he would at least carry the eggs to "Lizzie" who "boarded herself." And not only herself, but a little blind nephew.

Tom always found a cordial welcome from Jimmy Means when he came, as he often did, to the two small upper rooms where Jimmy and his aunt lived. Blind Jimmy knew Tom's footstep.

"But you're walking uneven, Tom," he said, instantly. "What has made you lame?"

Miss Means looked perturbed, as if she guessed how and why Tom's bruises had come. But Tom was equal to the occasion.

"I do believe you can hear the trees grow, Jimmy, and the clouds rub against each other up in the sky," he said, gayly. "Say, Lizzie, you promised to help me with 'Good-morrow-neighbor-with-your-hundred-geese' sum. I wish they wouldn't try to make arithmetic entertaining. Why can't they say, 'as many more and half as many more,' without dragging in the poultry? And here are some eggs my hen says she laid on purpose for you."

It was a merry party on which the kerosene lamp shone. If Jimmy was blind, those quick ears of his did double duty, and he enjoyed every bit of fun that was going. And had not his aunt, by scrimping and pinching herself, laid up nearly enough money to send her boy to the school for the blind, when he could learn to read with his deft fingers? Jimmy knew about the money. He knew nothing about the scrimping.

Tom knew a good deal, and had guessed more. Miss Means had confided to him that if she could only manage to save a certain sum of money before July, Jimmy could go to the school next autumn.

"That is why I must teach this term at Sou'west by Sou," explained the harassed teacher. "I'm sometimes afraid I shall have to give it up, and then Jimmy would lose a whole year. Do you think I'd better speak about Jabez Flint to the committee, Tom?"

Tom was proud to be consulted, but he had a genuine horror of what he called "blabbing." To be sure, he had told Mr. John Courtenay about Flint; but that was different, as Mr. John Courtenay was not one having authority.

"I guess I wouldn't tell, Lizzie," said Tom. "Wait and see if we can't manage Jabe ourselves."

This conversation had taken place when Tom was walking home with Miss Means. He often walked from school with her, for the path lead for nearly an eighth of a mile through a lonely pine wood; and one day Jabez Flint had hidden behind a tree, and suddenly bounced out, with a whoop which had startled the solitary woman nearly out of her senses.

Tom had heard of this. "If we've got to jump, it's easier to do it in couples, Lizzie," he had said, politely; and when Jabez found that his victim had an escort, he ceased his startling attentions.

Matters did not mend at school. One day Jabez was absent. Peace and quiet reigned. All the small boys could relax their vigilance, sure that no one would sit down on the point of an unsuspected pin, and relieved from all fear of pinches and covert knocks.

The lessons were delightful that one blessed day. Miss Means looked so bright and happy; and she told the scholars wonderful stories about the stars, and marvellous tales about the way the coal in the stove had stored up heat for thousands and thousands of years, and she made the geography lesson perfectly charming by descriptions of Sir John Franklin's Arctic explorations and Dr. Livingstone's journeys in Africa.

But the calm was brief. Jabez Flint reappeared, and the old confusion with him. The amount of trouble and distress this one bad fellow could make was appalling.

At last matters reached a climax. The stove in the school-room smoked furiously one morning, and Tom volunteered to climb upon the roof and investigate. He was sure that Jabez was at the bottom of the difficulty by the way Jabez shook his fist at him when he made his offer. Sure enough, the chimney had been stuffed with brush and rags. No wonder it refused to "draw." Tom managed to clear away the rubbish, and at noon he received his wages in the shape of as severe a thrashing as the toughest and stoutest-hearted would care to stand.

The Rev. Mr. Randolph could coax no information from his son as to the reason of his dilapidated condition, neither did Tom breathe a word as to the why and wherefore when his mother tenderly applied Pond's Extract to his sprained wrist.

But Mr. John Courtenay, having recently been a boy himself, was wise. When Tom crawled into bed being as limp and stiff as jelly—were you ever limp and stiff at the same time? It is quite possible—Mr. John Courtenay sat himself on the small table opposite the bed, thrust his hands into his trousers pockets, and fixed his eyes on the hapless victim of Jabez Flint's tyranny.

"Hum!" mused Mr. Courtenay. "Thrashing number what, Tom?"

Tom groaned.

"I will offer a morsel of advice," proceeded Mr. Courtenay, blandly. "You may take it or leave it, as you think best, old boy."

Tom groaned again, but pricked up his ears.

"I will simply remark," continued Mr. Courtenay, "that if you are going to fight, you had better do it, not like an ignoramus, but like a gentleman and a scholar."

Tom sat up in bed and stared.

(To be Continued.)

THE NICKEL THAT BURNED IN JOE'S POCKET.

"Do you want a boy to help you, Deacon Jones?" asked Joe White one day.

"Can you give good weight to my customers and take good care of my pennies?"

"Yes, sir," answered Joe, and forthwith he took his place in the market, weighed the fish and kept the room in order.

"A whole day for fun, fire-works and crackers to-morrow!" exclaimed Joe, as he buttoned his white apron about him the day before the national holiday. A great trout was flung down on the counter.

"Here's a royal trout, Joe. I caught it myself. You may have it for ten cents. Just hand over the money, for I'm in a hurry to buy my fire-crackers," said Ned Long, one of Joe's mates.

The deacon was out, but Joe had made purchases for him before, so the dime was spun across to Ned, who was off like a shot. Just then Mrs. Martin appeared. "I want a nice trout for my dinner to-morrow. This one will do; how much is it?"

"A quarter, ma'am," and the fish was transferred to the lady's basket and the silver piece to the money drawer.

But here Joe paused. "Ten cents was very cheap for that fish. If I tell the deacon it cost fifteen he'll be satisfied, and I shall have five cents to invest in fire-crackers."

The deacon was pleased with Joe's bargain, and when the market was closed each went his way for the night. But the nickel in Joe's pocket burned like a coal; he could eat no supper and was cross and unhappy. At last he could stand it no longer, but walking rapidly, tapped at the door of Deacon Jones's cottage.

A stand was drawn out and before the open Bible sat the old man. Joe's heart almost failed him, but he told his story and with tears of sorrow laid the coin in the deacon's hand. Turning over the leaves of the Bible the old man read: "'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.' You have my forgiveness, Joe; now go home and confess to the Lord, but remember you must forsake as well as confess. And keep this little coin as long as you live to remind you of this first temptation."—*New York Mail.*

A FAITHFUL DOG.

A workingman recently had a handsome Newfoundland which he had reared from a puppy, and to which he was much attached.

The dog returned his owner's affection, and was extremely fond of following him to his day's work. The master did not encourage this, but sometimes the Newfoundland would creep along stealthily in the rear until he was too far from home to be sent back, and then would come to the front with every sign of delight in his own cleverness.

One morning he had followed in this way to a house where his master was at work upon a roof. To keep the dog from straying away the man put down his coat and his dinner-pail, and said:

"There, old fellow, you followed me without leave, and now you may stay and watch my things."

The dog lay down as he was directed, and the master went to his work. In the course of the forenoon the man fell from the scaffold and was killed. His body was carried to his home, where his wife was lying ill, but no one could induce the dog to leave his post beside the coat and dinner-pail. For two days he remained, refusing to eat, and showing his teeth whenever any attempt was made to remove the things of which he had been left in charge.

At the end of that time, the wife of the dead man, herself too ill to leave her bed, suggested that the dog would, perhaps, obey her little son, a boy of two years and a half, just old enough to talk plain.

The boy was taken to the place, and, moved by the loss of his father and the excitement of the moment, ran to the dog, put his arms about his shaggy neck and burst into tears.

The dog seemed to understand that this was no ordinary fit of weeping. He licked the child's hands soothingly, and when the boy took up his father's coat and pail, the faithful creature followed submissively at his heels, as if he recognized the little one as his master.—*Indian Witness.*

THE SMITING OF THE AMALEKITE.

BY MARY SELDEN M'COBB.

(Concluded.)

"Now I don't like fighting as a general rule," said Mr. John Courtenay. "A good square tussle is all very well—like foot-ball, for example." Mr. John Courtenay thrust out from the shoulder with an expressive gesture. That's all fun. But to pick quarrels with the fellows, especially if they're smaller than you, is mean and low. To be forever doubling up your fists is poor business. But there are times and seasons, Thomas, my boy, when a regular knock-me-down, out-and-out fight is the only way out of it. And then, as I before remarked, one must do the little job like a gentleman and a scholar. Now here's this bully of a Flint. You say he torments the teacher, who, as I understand, is not remarkable for beauty of feature."

"He is turning the whole school upside down," admitted Tom, solemnly. "Lots of the boys are getting to act just like him."

"Evidently words will have no effect on this Flint, eh?"

"I've said, 'Come, now, don't!' dozens of times. You might as well chatter to a hyena," said Tom.

"Very well, then. You've reduced this matter to the lowest terms, so to speak. You can't stand by and see a woman abused, Tom Randolph. You must whip Jabez Flint, and see what effect that will have on his manners."

"He licks me," said Tom, with a suspicious sniffle.

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Courtenay.

There was a pause. Tom nursed his bruised knee, and Mr. John Courtenay meditated. At last the latter spoke.

"The pleasure of Mr. Thomas Randolph's company is requested at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon in the 'chamber' over the harness-room by his and yours respectfully, John Courtenay. Good-night, valiant but unscientific warrior. More anon."

Mr. Courtenay departed, shutting the door between his room and Tom's.

Tom could hardly sleep for wondering what mystery should be revealed in the vaulted room in the barn. Promptly at the appointed hour he was on hand. So was Mr. John Courtenay. Out of the "chamber" over the harness-room they did not come till the shadows of night filled the big barn to overflowing.

Not once, not twice, but many and many an hour, did the secret sessions take place. At first Tom came from these interviews very hot, very red, and with barely enough breath to support life. Gradually he became more composed. His heart beat less violently. He carried himself erect, and panted less.

At school he watched Jabez Flint narrowly, but he did not interfere even when that disagreeable person was at his worst. Whenever Jabez tried to pick a quarrel, Tom kept out of his way, and every day Tom and Mr. John Courtenay sought the seclusion of the barn.

A whole month passed by. Miss Means worked hard, but made little headway. Fortunately her evenings were restful, with Jimmy making happy plans as to what he would do at the School for the Blind, and Tom's popping in for a game of checkers, which Jimmy could play as well as anybody. And Tom had a most cheery way of expecting an improvement in the town school.

"There's a good day coming, Lizzie. Just you hold on, and keep chirky," he used to say; and the hard-worked little woman half believed there would be a change, though how it should be done she could not divine.

"I'll come round and walk through the wood with you to-morrow, Lizzie," he said one evening. He had heard things which led him to suspect that something was in the wind.

The two, however, met with no mishap. The wood was lonely, but Miss Means heard a cuckoo calling, and that meant spring. Tom and she stood still to listen to the far-away, hopeful note. They reached the school-room. Tom opened the door, but shut it hastily. His face was all ablaze.

"Please, Lizzie, you're not to go in," he said, firmly. "Just walk over to our house, and wait till I send for you."

He looked so manly, standing straight and brave in the sunshine, and the teacher had grown so weak and nervous that she made no resistance.

Tom went into the school-room. The scholars were laughing and hooting. The din was deafening. In the teacher's desk—I hate to tell it, but it was true—in the teacher's desk, fastened securely, was Jabez Flint's red calf, dressed out in a big bonnet and shawl, propped up with its forefeet on the table. A big placard on its back read, "Means to an end!"

There was no wit in the would-be joke. The whole thing was an outrage.

Tom stood in the doorway. One boy after another caught sight of him, and stopped talking. At last Jabez Flint saw him. There was something about Tom which made Jabez look again. For two seconds there was a breathless hush. Tom spoke very quietly, though he was at a white heat with indignation.

"Just you come out into the yard, Jabe Flint, and we'll find a 'means to an end.'"

Jabez made a rush forward, but Tom was gone.

The whole school tumbled out-of-doors. The girls huddled together. The boys involuntarily formed a ring, within which were Jabez Flint and Tom Randolph. Everybody felt that this was to be no common battle, no vulgar fight, but a contest between order and lawlessness, between good and evil. Now and then a boy cried, "Go it, Jabe!" or "At h'm, Tom!" but even those exhortations gradually ceased, as it became clear that the usual method of fighting in Sou'west by Sou' was not to be observed.

Jabez made a furious plunge at Tom, but missed him. Round and round the circle Tom went, followed by his antagonist. But Tom was agile, and Jabez was clumsy. Tom's lips were tightly shut, and he breathed through his nostrils. Jabez's underjaw was dropped, and he breathed in puffs and pants. He was red with rage. Tom was absolutely cool. Round and round went the two, but Jabez could not lay a finger on Tom. The big, lubberly fellow was "losing his wind." Every lurch weakened him.

Suddenly Tom made a flying leap, and closed with his opponent. Every neck was craned forward. Tom was slight, and a head shorter than Jabez. The latter could have felled him with one blow. But no blow came. Tom's arms clasped Jabez's tight. In a twinkling his leg had curved itself under Jabez's knee. There was a swift jerk, and the great heavy fellow was thrown flat on the ground.

Tom was up and away in a second. Jabez clutched wildly at the empty air. A ringing cheer went up from the onlookers. That brought Jabez clambering to his feet, as furious as a young bull.

Again the chase began. Tom wary and alert, Jabez blundering and breathless. Once more the sudden, unexpected spring, the elastic grapple, the quick twist of the leg. Again Jabez measured his length on the ground. He lay, glaring sullenly upward. Every bit of daring and insolence had gone out of him.

"Will you try it again?" asked Tom.

"Try it, Jabe; try it, darlin'," taunted the boys.

"Hold your tongues," said Tom, sharply.

No one spoke after that. As for Jabez, he rose slowly, stumbling to his feet. He gave one look around the circle, turned on his heel, and, like a whipped cur, slunk away. They all watched his retreating figure till it passed over the hill and out of sight. Then Tom turned to the boys.

"If ever another of you fellows bothers Lizzie, he'll get a similar dose," said he, briefly.

No one could restrain the boys now. They shouted and cheered and yelled. The girls squealed a shrill "hurrah," and waved aprons and handkerchiefs. Some one led the obnoxious calf away by its rope. Some one else ran for Miss Means. When she appeared, there was a fresh burst of applause. One girl took her bonnet. A boy set her chair. To cap the climax, at noon-time a rumor was afloat. The news flew like wildfire.

"He'sgone! Jabe Flint's off on a v'yage, along o' Cap'n Hights!"

"Hurrah!" piped the boys, and tossed their caps in glee.

Miss Means actually stood up straight, forgot she was middle-aged, and laughed like a girl. Blind Jimmy was brought over to the school, and treated like a prince.

Mr. John Courtenay shook hands with Tom on his return from school.

"It took you four weeks to learn that twist under the knee, didn't it?" he said.

Down the village street came Deacon Pratt. He leaned over the minister's gate, and eyed Tom through his silver-bowed spectacles. If ever a deacon did such an undignified thing as to chuckle, that is what Deacon Pratt did.

"I understand, Thomas," said he—"I understand that you have smitten the Amalekite hip and thigh."

"I have, sir," replied the minister's son, modestly.—*Harper's Young People.*

MRS. DALE'S MISSION VINE.

Mrs. Dale was unmistakably poor. She lived in a little humble cottage, and took in washing to pay the taxes on it. It seemed sometimes as if she could not make both ends meet, and I must confess that it was hard work for her to keep out of debt. She belonged to the little mission band of the village church, and wanted to do her part. But how? In the little garden back of the cottage she raised vegetables for the use of her own family—herself and her two young daughters. There were potatoes and corn and tomatoes and back of these, over an old trellis, grew a grape-vine.

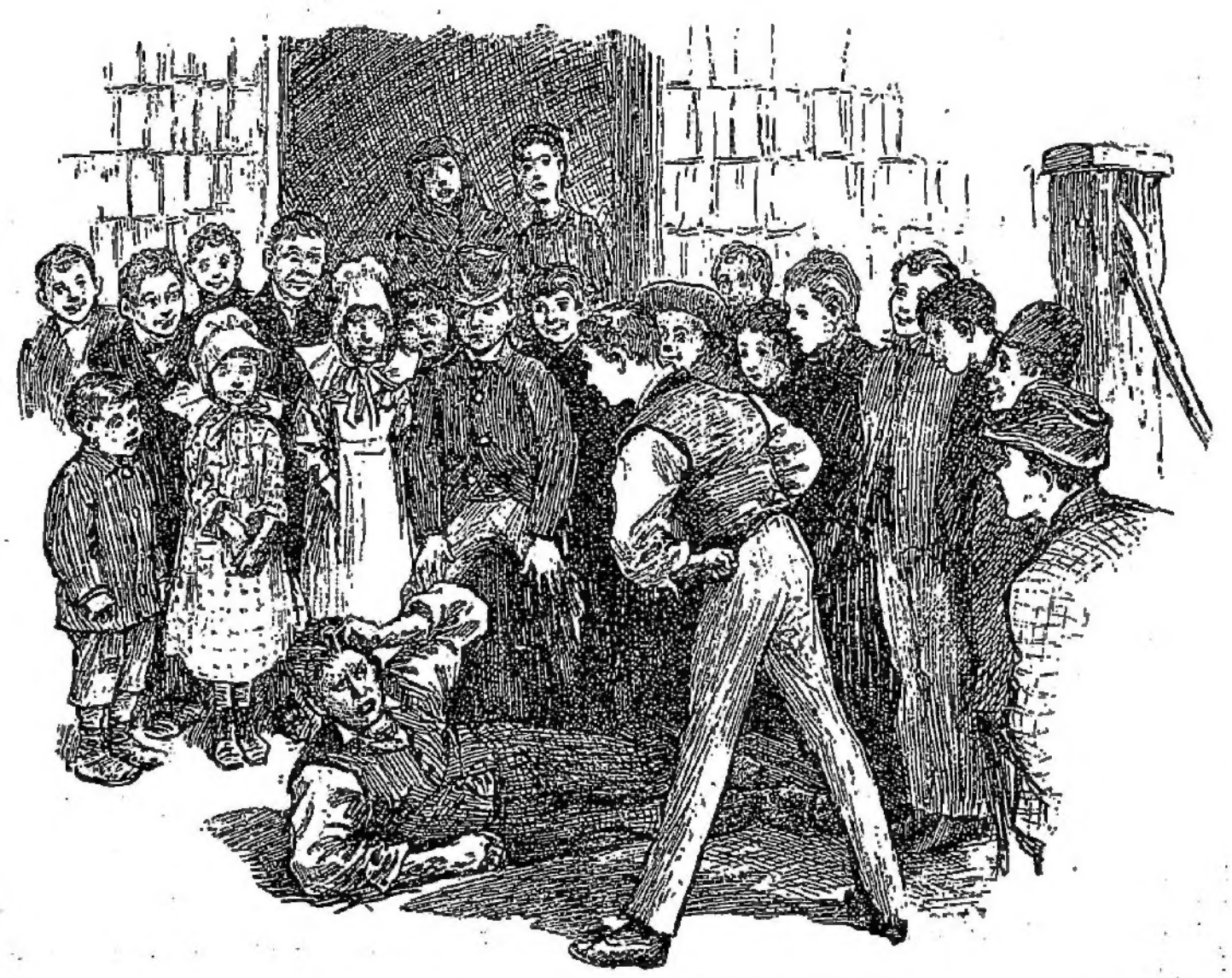
"What can I spare for missions?" This was the question that was troubling her. The vegetables were a necessity to herself and her children; she could not spare them. Suddenly a light broke upon her mind. "I know," she said, clapping her hands, "I can give my grape-vine; I will give it to missions."

And so in one sense the grape-vine was consecrated. The vine hung full of great stems of luscious grapes, slowly but surely purpling in the September sunshine. Irene and Laura Dale often looked longingly at the graceful vine, and felt very strongly tempted to pick "just a grape or two." But their mother said quite decidedly, "No, my dears, you can go without grapes for Christ's sake. I must make my harvest offering a worthy one."

Towards the last of September the grapes were all ripe. Mrs. Dale bought twenty small baskets from the grocer, and with the help of her little daughters, filled them with grapes to be sold; and the result was ten dollars for missions. Mrs. R——, a wealthy member of the society, had contributed five dollars, but after Mrs. Dale's offering had been received she added twenty dollars to her gift.

A few days passed, and there came one which brought great joy to the Dales.

"There," said a ruddy-faced farmer, rolling a great barrel of beautiful apples into the widow's home, "I heard from my wife how you wouldn't touch one of the Lord's grapes; God bless you! But here's your apples. And I've got some pears for you, too. I'm a farmer, Mrs. Dale, and my wife's a mighty good woman, if she has been a little stingy on the mission question. She'll never be stingy any more, Mrs. Dale, neither to missions nor to you; may God bless you!"—*Missionary Reporter.*



"AGAIN JABEZ MEASURED HIS LENGTH ON THE GROUND."

THE SURE REFUGE.

Under his wings shalt thou trust.

Alone within the depth of forest wild,
Or desert bare,
Beyond the sight of thy loved face and form,
Beyond thy care,—
Thou dost not bid me go and trust thee there,

But folded close within thy loving arms
Against thy breast,
While o'er me bends thy tender, smiling face
I sweetly rest,
And trusting thee can say, "Thy will is best."

Like birdling 'neath the mother's downy wing,
Content I lie.
And nestling close I find protection there
When harm is nigh,
Secure I rest though arrows swiftly fly.

Why need I fear although sometimes about me
Fall shadows deep?
'Tis but the closer folding of thy wings
Safe-guard to keep.
Teach me, dear Lord, yet nearer thee to creep.

Strange that we ever dare to doubt thy love,
Which holds us dear;—
And howsoever far from thee we stray,
Still follows near
The perfect love that has no place for fear.

—*Standard.* AIMEE.

A STEP IN THE DARK.

BY W. J. LACY.

Arthur Townley's conscience pricked him. He stood with his hands in his pockets at the window of a private hotel looking out upon the busy tides of human life as they flowed through a great city thoroughfare. More and more anxiously he peered into the gathering dusk. He was waiting for a friend who did not come. And the young merchant's thoughts went back to a remote western village, and to happy, careless school-days. How strange it was that here in Manchester he should meet another Stanford man, and that the other should be Alec Sutton, once his closest ally. There was a wide gap of years and a wider of circumstance between past and present. The wheel of fortune had lifted Arthur Townley to levels beyond his highest hopes. He had secured a capital situation in a London counting-house, had managed to render a notable service to his grim old principal, winning favor and promotion thereby, and at the end of fifteen years of steady application found himself a junior partner in the concern. Alec had become an artisan, like his father before him, and there were about him signs of dissipation which his ancient comrade disliked.

It was here that compunction entered. The mentor within said that Arthur Townley had taken a step in the dark.

"Why, it's Townley! I can't be wrong! No, I should know you anywhere, I'm sure. You've gone from boy to man, old fellow, but you haven't altered out of knowledge on the journey, as I suppose I have."

The words had pulled Arthur Townley sharply up outside of a gin palace. He was incapable of despising an old acquaintance because of the difference in condition. Much to the wonder of a reckless-looking companion who fidgetted in Sutton's rear, he shook hands warmly, and inquired after the mechanic's welfare. It was a pitiful, disappointing story, with, as was easily discernable, many slurs and suppressed passages, to which Townley listened.

"I've tramped right away here from Stanford, and I've got a job that'll maybe last me a month. But I only got at it day before yesterday, and I'm clean out o' coin," Sutton concluded with a feverish gleam in his eye. "I don't like to sponge on any man, but for old times' sake——"

Stopping him with a gesture, Arthur Townley had slipped gold into his palm.

"I'm staying at Latimer's, 10 York street. Come there at six this evening, and ask for me. Will you?"

"Thank you, sir; yes, most certainly I will," Sutton answered.

But the hour fixed was long past, and the young merchant was still alone.

"Is it that through the pride of his too evident poverty Alec does not care for my company?" he soliloquized; "or did I do him an ill turn instead of a good one by the gift of that half-sovereign?"

Townley was not a temperance man. Though extremely abstemious in personal habit, he had not hitherto seen it his duty to join the ranks of those who are daily doing battle with the colossal curse of intemperance. Yet he suddenly trembled. It was borne in upon his spirit that drink had wrecked his friend's fortunes, that Sutton had pleaded necessity on the very doorstep of a drinking saloon, and that when opportunity had thus offered for kindly persuasion and warning he—Townley—had been silent, and had supplied money for the obvious purpose of further indulgence.

A servant came in to light the gas, and with a sigh Townley abandoned his vain watching.

"Terrible affair just now, sir, in Mersey street," the man said.

The visitor's interest was languid, but he said, "Oh, indeed!"

"A man killed in a drunken quarrel. Done in a twinkling they say."

"Did you hear the name?"

"Sutton was one. But whether that was the man murdered or the one as did it, I don't know, sir."

The quick, horrible dread which had followed the first indifference was justified then! Over what precipice had not mistaken generosity sent Townley's old comrade? He rose to his feet again, wan and agitated. Seizing his hat, he was in the street before the attendant had time to observe the alteration in his demeanor.

"Queer chap. Mindful of his own affairs, no doubt," muttered the wondering waiter.

Already newsboys were crying evening sheets with the sensational advertisement, "Awful Tragedy in Mersey street," and Arthur Townley shuddered as he heard them. He soon ascertained that it was Alec Sutton who, in mad, drink-inflamed passion, had taken a life. A dispute had arisen with the companion Townley had seen by his side, and the tempter had become a victim. The offender was in prison, sobered by his deed. Townley obtained admission to his cell.

"Lad, lad, I'm done for! And—and—never give a man money to drink with again. You can't tell what may come of it. I had been a teetotaller a week. I meant to stick to it, till Burton—poor fellow—persuaded me to take a dram with him. If you'd have said, 'Don't go in there, Alec,' I believe you'd have stopped me. But I don't reproach you—not at all. You meant it kindly."

Townley groaned. He had no words for many seconds. But he knew right well that a keen self-reproach would be his abiding portion.

There were several touching interviews between the two before Alec Sutton stood in the dock and received sentence of a long term of imprisonment for his crime of manslaughter, and Arthur Townley took upon himself the care of an aged, grief-crushed kinsman of his erring but repentant and remorseful friend.

The young merchant began now to examine seriously his position with regard to strong drink. There was much to enlighten him in the facts which came to his knowledge concerning the career of Sutton. It appeared that once and again the infatuated artisan had promised amendment, while scoffing at the idea of total abstinence. And always his enemy had been too strong for him, and he had failed. At last he had been persuaded to take the pledge. It was on the morrow of his arrival in Manchester, and the good Samaritan who had thus prevailed by earnest argument and gentle suasion over prejudice and appetite had found an opening for his convert in the crowded ranks of northern industry. Alas! Sutton's reformation was brief, and his fall was at this time a catastrophe. His own phrase came back to Arthur Townley's lips as he heard at first hand from the grieved and disappointed patron the painful story of the broken vow.

"I did more than lose an opportunity to speak the saving word—I misused the chance. I took a careless step in the dark."

But it was the last time that drink-money passed from Arthur Townley's hands to either friend, business acquaintance, or subordinate. Like other city houses, they had had a custom of treating, of supplying likely customers with wine or spirits, and tipping workmen for drams. With unhesitating decision the junior partner put a stop to the practice. It was a sharp battle that he waged with his colleagues; but he was in dead sincerity, and he gave with impressive brevity the account of his own awakening.

"Yes, I know that it is a breaking with trade traditions," he said. "We may even lose by it, though in the long run I do not believe we shall. But there are higher interests at stake than financial ones. No one who gives another strong drink, or who pays for indulgence, can tell exactly what he is doing. He may be—as indeed I was—dealing a deadly blow. The whole thing is evil—a cruel curse. I have made up my mind henceforth to leave intoxicating liquors alone. You are safe then; you can never—pardon me—be absolutely sure of safety so long as the perilous stuff is tampered with at all."

"That means that you have signed the teetotal pledge, I presume?" put in one of the listeners.

"I have; and I will be no party to working or continuing that mischief in other lives which I flee in my own case."

Mr. Gregson, the senior partner, grasped Townley's hand.

"You are perfectly right," he said. "I have had the same thoughts myself. Let it be a rule that there is no treating in our counting-house."

And in many directions since then the influence of Arthur Townley has been exercised with good effect against the pernicious customs of commerce and society in the matter of strong drink. He speaks from within the sombre shadow of grievous recollection.

"It is easy to do a great wrong inadvertently," he says. "That was my case; and the indelible stamp of remorse will be upon my memory to the end of the chapter. Nothing can away with it. If we cannot accomplish much active good in the world, let us at least avoid the reckless handing on of a cup of ruin. Take no steps in the dark lest your leading precipitates a brother over the precipice."—*Scottish Temperance League Tract.*

A GOOD MISSIONARY STORY.

The missionary story you ask about is this: Our father and mother, with two children, came to Ohio from the North of Ireland in 1825. After a year or two they went to Philadelphia, but my father's business undertaking there did not succeed, and they returned to Ohio so much the poorer for the attempt. Soon after, they bought a farm for which they could not pay full payment and were obliged to give a mortgage and those who know the Scotch-Irish horror of debt can understand what a burden it was until the last dollar was paid off. Finally it was accomplished. It was when the harvest had been sold, and when the final payment was made, my father came home with two gold eagles above the amount of the debt. The announcement was made to the family, for every child had been made to feel that he shared the responsibility, and so was allowed to share the pleasure. Then father took out the two pieces of money and said, "We will give ten dollars to the Missionary Society for a thank-offering, and this," he added, giving mother the other ten, "is for your new cloak." She held it thoughtfully a moment, and then giving it back, said, "Put this with the other piece for the thank-offering, and I will turn my old cloak. No personal desire or need was ever allowed to come in the way of the money due to church or to God's work, and, above the dues, free will offerings were a delight.—*Isabella Thoburn in Friends' Missionary Advocate.*

THE RICH MAN AND HIS DOLLAR.

They brought him a dollar. He took it in his skinny fingers, and clutched it as though in it alone was his only hope in death, for he was dying. He counted his wealth by millions, and now, on his death-bed, he looked back upon his misspent life, which had not a good or generous deed to brighten it. His feet were nearing the dark river, its roar was sounding in his ears.

His church pastor entered and sat by his side. The dying man asked him, "Does the Bible say no rich man can enter the kingdom of God?" "Yes," the preacher replied. "Read it to me." The man of God read, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." "And you never preached that to me!" the dying man cried. The preacher read on: "Let not the rich man glory in his riches, but let him that glorieth glory in this that he understandeth and knoweth me." "And yet you have never preached that to me!" cried the dying man, and he clutched the dollar as though it was the only saviour that could guide him across the dark sea of eternity.

The day was drawing to its close. The watchers moved noiselessly about the room, conversing in whispers. The son sat down by his father's bedside with dry eyes, thinking of the hundreds of thousands that would soon be all his own. No sound but the ticking of the clock disturbed the stillness of the room. Tick! tick! tick! The face of the dying man grows whiter and his breath shorter. Tick! tick! tick! Nine o'clock passes slowly by. Night is without, and darkness within, for the soul of the dying man is engaged in a deadly combat with an enemy whom man has never yet conquered.

At last, just as the clock struck the hour of twelve, the angel in the belfry of heaven tolled the last hour of the rich man's life, and the struggling form on the bed lay still. As they were robing him for the grave, his widow stepped to his side and attempted to take the dollar from the dead man's grasp, but in vain; the rigid cords and muscles would not relax. In death his hand still clutched the coin with a grip like steel. 'Mid the waving of plumes and black crape, and the sound of funeral dirges, he was carried to the cemetery, and there, while the rain poured and the winds howled, and funeral requiems wailed upon the air, they lowered him into the grave. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"

And so he died and they buried him with his dollar!—*Messiah's Herald.*

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